

Son of Pro Wrestling Sushi^{#13}

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BUY SOME PIZZA! CHILL THE BEER! WRESTLEMANIA X WAS HERE!

DATE: March 20, 1994

PLACE: Sushiland, California

TIME: A few hours before WMX

Dear Diary,

Going into WRESTLEMANIA X at MSG, and actually only a few hours before the PPV begins out here on the West Coast, something profound (and a bit unsettling) has dawned on me.

Because of the sheets (mainly the *Observer* and *Torch* and also because of my own involvement in putting out a sheet), my mind is not really focused on the WMX card.

Suddenly, I realize that I have been spending more time thinking about WMX's buy rate, the state of graps in general, whether Hogan-Flair will do better business in WCW than it did in the WWF, if I should take my little nephew Jubie Jay to visit Dave Meltzer at the hospital after his stomach surgery, and whether WMX will even be a good show worth the \$29.95 since (to paraphrase Meltzer) it looks like crap on paper.

Suddenly, I realize I have hardly been thinking about the show itself, about all the great build-up WWF has done (without a monster superstar among its ranks) in preparation for this annual mega event, or about Owen and Bret Hart, or the ladder match which has garnered **** ratings at previous house shows, or what a great heel champion Yokozuna has been during the year, or how the final match might end with surprises even SUSHI NEWS SERVICE can't imagine.

At this moment, I find myself wishing I could somehow turn off that part of my brain which is a "smart" fan and, for a few hours, once

again, I wish I could become a dumb-stupid-lowly-ignorant "mark," someone who doesn't think about buy rates, or whether Vince will go to jail, or if he will be able to mail a fishy little newsletter out on time, or that some guy named Meltzer (from Campbell-by-the-Sea) has written that the Undertaker is in Japan and won't be resurrecting himself during the big show at MSG.

Yeah, for the first time in about 10 years, I find myself regretting I've ever heard of the wrestling underground and it's newsletters and tapes!

...Phew!

Hey! Now, that I've gotten that off my chest (You know? It's good for a person to express himself. I ought to say what I really feel more often, instead of always trying to be so nice, so diplomatic, so "politically correct" all the time!)

...Y-e-a-a-a-h!

Now, I feel betta.

Somewhat cleaner.

Sort of purged of the "poisons" which tend to afflict the mind of a pro wrestling hardcore.

In fact, now, I can't even remember what I was so worked-up about.

Odd...

It's like... It's like...

It's like...

It's like I've just given myself a do-it-yourself lobotomy. Like, by admitting I wish I wasn't "smart," I've douched my mind and cleansed my soul of any serious knowledge of this sport.

It's like...the burden of being an insider has been lifted from my shoulders!

It's like...Superman being relieved of all his powers and all of the subsequent social and moral responsibility that goes along with these powers in

combating evil and doing good!

It's like...a slave being emancipated!

Oh...Oh, my...!

...I just re-read the words "Dave Meltzer" and "Torch" and "buy rate" and not only do I not care what they represent, I no longer have a clue as to who or what they are, or what they even m-e-a-n!

It's like Buddy Rogers, and Paul Bosch, and Adrian Adonis, and Haystacks Calhoun, and Skull Murphy, and Pat O'Connor up there in Heaven have heard my angst, and have asked The Big Guy Himself to help me out.

Yes, yes! I can feel it.

I've...I've...

I've become...a...f--king m-a-r-k, again!!!

Oh, boy!

Bring on Sy Sperling and the 'Hair Club'!

Bring on that bald cue ball of an announcer Howard Finkle!

Bring on Bert Reynolds and Donnie Wahlberg and that 'Up All Night' Babe with the Big Bazoooooooooms that don't quit!

Let's buy some pizza!

Let's chill the beer!

Buy a gallon of ice cream!

The circus is in town! The circus is in t-o-w-n!

...An' a little midget is gonna hook it up with a big crazy woman who's got blood vessels running down the outside of her shaved skull!

Crush and Macho are gonna wind-up fighting anywhere, maybe even on the bottom of the Hudson River!

Two brudders from Canada are gonna kick the holy crap outta each other!

...An' I get to be there! Not as a wiseguy, but as a simple-minded-person! Oh, joy!

-- Jeff Mullins, editor (of something or other. I've forgotten what. Maybe it will

come back to me. In the mean time, the red marks on your envelope represent the number of issues remaining on your sub balance which you can extend by sending cash and Self-Addressed-Stamped-Envelopes in the amounts noted above to the address also noted above, and, sometime by or before July 4th, something or other, I forget exactly what, will be mailed to ya.)

MAJOR NEW WCW GIMMICK!

Atlanta, GA -- Sushi News Service (SNS) has learned that WCW will attempt to inject some Winter Olympics-like pizazz into the opening moments of future house shows.

According to insiders at WCW, the promotion's booking committee enjoyed the opening theatrics of the 1994 Winter Olympics in Lillehammer, Norway, so much, it will present its own version of a lighted "torch" ceremony before the beginning of WCW matches.

"Of course, WCW will give it's pro wrestling "torch" ceremony a unique pro wrestling 'twist'," one WCW source promised.

Apparently, instead of using an "actual" torch (like the one the Norwegian ski-jumper carried down the ramp in February at Lillehammer), when WCW turns off the lights in the arena and the arena is completely dark, a pair of burly wrestlers will jog to the ring carrying on their

shoulders Ricky "The Fire-Breathing Dragon" Steamboat who (with his head tossed back) will spit a towering plume of flame into the air for a full sixty seconds.

"It is going to be the pro wrestling pyrotechnical sight of the year," the WCW source concluded. "We're talking major-league sports entertainment here."

[Note: You can be sure SNS will cover this important gimmick the first time it is performed.]

HOW THEY DID IT?

(Legendary coin toss gimmick is revealed!)

Haven't seen it reported in any of the other sheets (or I may have missed it), but if any of you are staying awake nights still wondering how WWF figure-head President Jack Tunney gimmicked the coin he tossed during the live telecast on MONDAY NIGHT RAW a while back to determine whether Bret Hart or Lex Luger would wrestle Yokozuna first at WMX, here is the inside poop (via Sushiland's latest mysterious phone call from deep within the bowels of Titan Towers).

According to our newest Titan snitchmeister, Vince wanted Tunney to toss a two-headed coin. Tunney would first show the camera a close up of a regular silver dollar, then, when the camera moved back to Vince and the boys, Tunney would switch coins.

However, one of the suits in attendance at the big meeting in Titan's HQ nixed the idea, because if the camera came off Tunney, the suit figured (rightfully so) that too many people (even WWF marks) would be expecting a switch and would be looking for the switch at that point and they would think it took place when the camera's eye moved away from Tunney, and, instead of focusing on the significance of the coin toss or on the "outcome" of the event,

the marks would be coming off their sofas, slapping their thighs, and hooting about the "coin switch" instead of giving their fullest attention to the angle itself: the winner of the coin toss, Lex Luger.

At this point, during the meeting (whose participants included some of the most powerful people in wrestling), it was agreed to by all that the camera would draw back but that it must also stay on Tunney and that Tunney would act natural, but by no means would he do anything that would put the hand holding the coin suspiciously out of sight of the camera lens. (At one point, during the actual airing of the coin toss, Tunney did move his hand suspiciously, but only because he forgot not to.)

Next, it was suggested that Tunney hide the bogus silver dollar in a rigged sleeve-cuff of his suit jacket, and, as the in-ring cameraman pulled back, he would pretend to be turning the coin in hands and simply do a slight-of-hand-trick, ie., exchange the coins at that point "on camera."

Apparently, both Tunney and *The 1993 Pro Wrestling Torch Yearbook's* "third most powerful" person in wrestling, Pat Patterson, nixed this idea (Patterson because the scene was being broadcast "live" and if anything went wrong it would be a catastrophe, Tunney because he feared he could not even begin to pull off a minor magican's stunt whether on live television or not).

Tunney, who may play the prefect fool--in the eyes of hardcores--evidently isn't so dumb, after all, even though he was not mentioned as being one of Pro Wrestling Torch's "Top Ten Most Powerful People in Wrestling." An obvious oversight on editor-publisher Wade Keller's part, and surely something that *Chairshots'* hot columnist Dave "Foreign Affairs" Scherer will probably vivisect Keller for in a future issue.

It was then suggested that Tunney simply hide the bogus coin in one hand and rub his

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hands together while Vince was verbally setting up the toss, and make the coin switch at that point. Again, the idea was nixed because Tunney might move his hands in a funny way and the gimmick would be blown.

Patterson then mentioned (but immediately nixed his own thoughts as "just thinking out loud") that Tunney could show the camera a regular coin, flip it, and if it landed on "heads" the camera man would be 1) signaled to zoom in on the coin and, indeed, show that the coin had landed on "heads," or 2) told not zoom in on the coin if it landed on "tails" and Vince would say it was "heads" and, of course, Lex Luger would make his big, excited, victory-like dance reaction no matter which side the coin landed.

This idea was nixed, too, because if Lex called "heads" and it landed on "tails" and the coin was not shown in a close-up, the entire credibility of the gimmick would be out the window and everyone at home would be yelling "fake," that the coin had landed on "tails" and that the WWF was hiding something, and, once again, the fans at home would not be focusing on the fact that the fate of the world heavyweight belt (not to mention the fate of the free world) was up to Lex Luger during the first championship match at WMX.

Eventually, one of the suits suggested they do what they eventually did and everybody went to lunch.

What they did was this:

Before the live show, before everyone and his mother was let into the house (or let onto what was going on) they took a shot of the coin having "landed" on "heads." This was taped, and when the big moment came for the coin to be shown on "live" television, they cut to the tape of the coin which had landed on "heads."

Bingo!

It worked perfectly.

...Or did it?

Whereas only time and history will tell whether our newest sorce at Titan is being

truthful or not, the story has merit. Here at Sushiland, we did a little investigating of our own, and low and behold, here is what we discovered in our own effort to shed the light of truth on this matter.

If you've still got a tape of that particular post-Royal Rumble MONDAY NIGHT RAW, play the tape again, at various speeds, zooms, and pauses, and notice that when the coin is tossed it lands on the mat on one side of the seam in the canvas, but when the camera "shows" the coin in the close-up shot, the coin is now on the other side of the seam, since that particular coin is not the one that Jack Tunney actually tossed "live," but, indeed, is the coin that was "tossed" earlier and was taped for later use during the "live" moment.

All of those suits, all of those great wrestling minds, all of that effort not to blow it.

Hey, you can fool some of us Sushigangstas all of da time, and you can fool all of us Sughiganstas some of da time, but you're gonna have to do a lot betta than that if you're gonna fool all of us Sushigangstas all of the time!

WCW GIMMICK RESULTS IN TRAGEDY

A sad note for family, friends, and fans of pro wrestling superstar Ricky "The Fire-Breathing Dragon" Steamboat.

According to an eye-witness who attended a recent WCW card in ... Steamboat, who had just loaded-up his mouth with fire-spitting fuel and was ten seconds into his new Winter Olympics-like gimmick (blowing a spectacular one-minute long tower of flame into the air while being carried to the ring on the shoulders of a pair of burly wrestlers), suddenly inhaled a large fire-ball which ignited the highly combustionable fuel inside his mouth which,

in turn, blew Ricky Steamboat to bits.

The tragic accident occurred when a pair of burly wrestlers (Kevin Sullivan and his dyslexic brother Evad "The Equalizer") assigned to carry Steamboat to the ring on their shoulders got their signals crossed.

According to the eyewitness, as the trio of wrestlers approached the ring, one of the wrestlers turned left as the other wrestler turned right (causing Steamboat's eyes to bulge when he realized the significance of their error). Unfortunately, the mistake also caused the fire-breathing dragon to suck in his (last) fiery breath.

The Asian-American Steamboat, aka, Richard Blood, is survived by his Caucasian wife Bonnie and his Green son The Little Dragon.

Because the force of the blast was so devastating, SNS has learned that ringsiders who were at the show and who were struck by bits of the exploding Steamboat (and who reportedly took these parts of Steamboat home as souvenirs) are being asked by WCW officials to return these remains to "Bits 'O Steamboat", One CNN Center, Atlanta, GA, so that there will be enough of Steamboat for a decent funeral. (Probably a "closed casket" ceremony. But then you never know about these pro wrestling funerals).

ICE BABE'S FUTURE IS ON SKATES . . . NOT IN A GRAP RING

Tonya Harding, turning her back on a group of fellow near-

do-wells like her former husband (The Weasle), her former body guard (Vader), and the hit-man (Shockmaster) who stumbled through the glass door during his getaway-escape after he clubbed Snow White's knee-cap, joining up with All Japan Women's pro wrestling promotion (or any wrestling promotion for that matter) is more than just a bit silly, isn't it?

I mean, would anyone in their right mind (who most of their life was surrounded by sleazoids and a mother who generally contributed to her problems, who has now been hit with Federal fines, who is on criminal probationary status, who was forced out of the cherished amateur and world figure skating associations, and who will be doing public service jobs for nearly the rest of her life) would she really want to associate with another group of sleaze-balls the likes of which make up a part of the world of professional wrestling, even in Japan, and even if she could manage to learn the sport?

Two million dollars, if it materializes for real, would be hard to turn one's back on. But, personally, other than for a brief run for the publicity value and quick money if her deal with the feds will let her travel outside the U.S., I don't see Harding's long term future playing itself out inside pro wrestling rings, anywhere, unless, somehow, like Andre the Giant when he got older and crippled and his size and legend continued to work for him when his physical abilities waned beyond belief, she manages to work out a simple act, learn a few moves against competent opponents who will faithfully carry her, and her cult of personality (world wide) continues at levels which would make people want to turn out to see her when she came to town for curiosity's sake.

But Tonya Harding, a for-real pro wrestler? It's quite a stretch.

Actually, if Harding has a lucrative future in anything off

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the ice (or outside of the porn movie industry where she could make a bundle, if her "home videos" with her former husband Jeff Gillooly which were shown on "Current Affair" [or was it "Hard Copy" or "Inside Edition"?] are any indication of her potential film talent), the sport she could turn to with relative ease and quite possibly help bring the sport back to national prominence is...Roller Derby.

Unlike learning an entirely new sport, like wrestling, the jump from skating in circles around an ice rink on steel blades to skating around circles upon a banked track on ball-bearing wheels would not be that difficult.

To sweeten the pot, since Roller Derby (or any of its other incarnations) is all but dead in the United States, it would not be a bad idea for someone to offer a large ownership share to Harding, instead of major money up front which, if it could be raised, could be used to bankroll start-up expense and advertise and promote Roller Derby's resurgence.

As with pro wrestling (at least as it is practiced in the U.S., with very little in-ring innovation) one of the reasons Roller Derby died off (and a major reason Roller Games of a few years ago never made it) is because the mainstream fans tired of seeing the same old thing week after week. And also because Roller Derby, like today's pro wrestling in the U.S., was not able to find or create the kind of exciting, captivating, new talent to take the place of key stars like Joannie Westin (Roller Derby's "blonde bomber" and female version of wrestling's Hulk Hogan).

When Roller Derby was at its most recent historical prime, during the late fifties and sixties, most of its fans were hooked on the soap opera angles involving Westin, Charlie O'Connell, and a few other colorful "heel" characters whose skating ability and amazing bump-taking ethic was only eclipsed by their working

ability at the mic.

I could easily see Harding in the Joannie Westin role, a role she essentially played during the entire Olympics, from prelude through denouement, wherein to many of the mainstream people watching the drama, she was the gritty but likeable "bad girl" who was an underdog competing against the Nancy Kerrigan "goodie-two shoes" publicity machine, the federal government investigators, a former husband who was dragging her image through the mud nightly on one or all of the TV news magazine shows, the stiff on the Olympics Committee, and half or more of the world public who thought she was guilty of something and should not be allowed to skate.

Actually, Joannie Westin portrayed a more sympathetic character (except in cities where she was a heel), but the Harding real-life persona, the determination, the endless shots of her skating in that funky beat-up arena in Portland, her spirit, and her tears, which Westin used to great effect during her career, too, is something Harding already has in her, unlike pro wrestling's physical skills which, like Dave Meltzer in the *Observer* noted, would take years to develop.

Pro wrestling? Porn films? Roller Derby?

For Tonya-Tonia Harding-Hammer, what she does with her public life, her legal life, and her career-type life will remain grist for the media mill, at least through the end of the year, and especially in the print tabloids and on the tabloid-like TV magazine shows. But for me, for a part of me anyway, it will be interesting to see if or how she can turn her personal life around after being so handicapped much of her life and after being in the center of the maelstrom surrounding the Kerrigan incident and the '94 Winter Olympics. Down there somewhere in Tonya Harding's mixed-up soul, there is, I'd bet, a spunky little kid waiting to

emerge, grow-up, and have another shot at life. One thing for sure, the way it all turned out, at least for now, she's lucky she's not in jail where her potential life and career paths would be much more limited than they are now. Yeah, I wish her luck.

STEAMBOAT MIRACULOUSLY RECOVERING

Sushi News Service (SNS) wishes to apologize to family, friends, and fans of Ricky "The Fire-Breathing Dragon" Steamboat for inaccurately reporting in an earlier story that Steamboat recently blew himself to bits during an unfortunate fire-spitting accident.

Instead, according to WCW's new commissioner Nick "I'm No F---ing Jack (The Coin Tosser) Tunney" Bockwinkle, Ricky only blew-up most of his face, primarily his mouth, and will continue to wrestle with WCW, not as the "Fire-Breathing Dragon," but with the new ring name of Ricky "Sixty-Three Lips" Steamboat.

According to Bock ("Don't Put Me in the Same Bag with Wally Carbo, Man!") Winkle, "Steamboat will no longer do the fire-breathing routine."

Says Bockwinkle, "It's not that Ricky is gun-shy since the accident when his mouth exploded. It's just that with 63 lips Steamboat can't hold a good mouthful of fire-spitting fuel, and when he does, when the match is lighted and he starts spitting fire through each of those 63 lips, the fuel sort of starts spraying out in all directions and, instead of a Winter Olympics-like "torch" lighting up darkened arenas, the effect is more

like the tail-end of a 4th of July fireworks kiddie-sparkler when it starts to fizzle." [Editor's note: You know, it really is true. Unlike Jack "Where did I Park My Brain, You Ask?" Tunney, when Nick "Put that Chair down, Vader!!!" Bockwinkle explains something like this, it really does have a ring of plausibility to it!]

SNS will be-e-e-e there (!) when Ricky "The Former Dragon" Steamboat unveils his new ring entrance gimmick.



JUBIE JAY'S BUSY, BUSY DAY... AT WWF 'FAN FEST'

Dear Parents or Guardians of Jubie Jay Mullins,

This letter is to inform you that next year, during the weekend of WRESTLEMANIA ELEVEN, when Titan Sports Entertainment holds its annual "Fan Fest" Convention & Side Show featuring all the geeks, freaks, and eeks who are associated with our fine company, your little nine-and-a-half-year-old escapee from a Stephen King horror novel, Jubie Jay Mullins, will not be allowed to attend the event!

Repeat! Even if Jubie Jay ("Hello, I'm the '4-5-6 Kid,' the 1-2-3 Kid's little brother!") Mullins is the last kid on the face of the planet (under no circumstances, and as long as I am Linda McMahon, President of this company), he will not be admitted to our "Fan Fest" in 1995!

On just what grounds, you might wonder, do we have for banishing your little spawn from the loins of the Anit-Christ?

4. Well, the following are only some of the horrible things Jubie ("Rules of Behavior?! What Rules?") Jay did at the WMX "Fan Fest," as reported to me by Todd Pettengill and Jerry McDivit of our legal department.

You remember Jerry ("I snack on Human Bone Marrow & Dine on New Born Baby Flesh!") McDivit, don't you? He's the attorney who "clotheslined" that Jason Sheppard kid who was committing the infamously heinous crime against humanity by running an illegal fan club for Shawn Michaels! Well, don't you and Jubie Jay forget Jerry McDivit and what Jerry will do to you and that little nephew of your's (when Jerry has successfully finished defending my husband against all those trumped up charges of steroids abuse that your neighbor from Campbell-by-the-Sea has filled the FBI's heads with) if you send Jubie Jay Mullins to next year's "Fan Fest"!

By the way, just where does Jubie Jay get his motivation to act like a wildman in public?

Is he watching too many of those violent cartoons on television? Do you take him to the circus whenever it comes to town and leave him there for an entire week to live with the animals? Or do you send him to an elementary school where his teacher spends the entire day showing video tapes of Bart Simpson, Beavis & Butthead, and the GOP side of the U.S. Senate discussing national health reform?!

Just where, I ask, did Jubie Jay ever learn that going to an event like "Fan Fest" and leg-sweeping the "knee" out from under the Clown-on-Stilts (who we hired to walk around juggling balls) was a nice thing to do?!

We did not think it was funny, nor did the Clown-on-Stilts think it was funny when he toppled into the *Doink Dunk Tank* where, unable to swim, he almost drowned, and would have drowned, too, were it not for the quick actions of *Pro Wrestling Torch's* 1993 "third most powerful" person in wrestling, Pat Patterson, who rushed over to the tank, pulled the half-dead

clown out of the water, and brought him back to life (after administering almost a full hour of life-saving mouth-to-mouth resuscitation, and, even after the clown started breathing on his own, continuing to administer another two hours of mouth-to-mouth just to make sure the clown was okay!)

Where did Jubie ("Hey! Let's Go Goose the Girl In-Charge of *Your Photo with a WWF Star!*") get the idea it would be a nice thing to do when Todd Pettengill was interviewing Hillbilly Jim at the *Coliseum Video* table, to run up to Jim, yelling, "Todd, Todd, it's not really Hillbilly Jim! It's The Undertaker under a hood! Pull off his mask! Pull off his mask!" as he leaped into the air, grabbed a hold of Hillbilly's beard, and start swinging from it like Tarzan of the Apes trying to rip Jim's beard from his face?!

These things are not exactly the acts of a normal child! Nor was it normal when Jubie ("Hey! Let's Go Goose the Babes Who Are Working at the *Get Into the Ring Photo Booth!*") Jay threw a box of chili-powder-flavored toothpicks at Razor Ramon just before his interview, kept asking Ted "The Million Dollar Man" DiBiase for a "loan" during his interview, and rushed under the crowd barrier at Gorilla Monsoon's *Interactive Experience* where he slapped Mr. Monsoon on his external occipital protuberance and yelled at Gorilla "You're Outta Here!" during his interview with Pettengill.

Nor was it the behavior of a normal child when Jubie stood next to the camera holding up a sign that said, "Where's Miss Elizabeth?" when Randy Savage was trying to read his cue cards, nor during the interview with Johnny Polo and The Quebecers when he kept pointing to Jaucque Rougeau's heavily scared forehead yelling that if the furrows in Rougeau's forehead were any deeper he could plant and harvest an entire crop of spring wheat in them, nor when he zipped into Mister Pettengill's mobile studio, jump-started the engine, and crashed

the *Master Van* into the booth containing all the *Acclaim* WWF action videos!

But what was really sick was when Jubie Jay climbed into Todd Pettengill's arms, when Todd asked if their was a "baby" or a "toddler" in the house, and Jubie sat in Todd's arms and made his eyes go big and harmless and he opened his mouth and smiled and drooled and coo'd like an innocent lamb into the camera...only moments after he had gone over to the nerdy guy at the *WWF Store* and slapped the eye-glasses off his face when he learned there weren't any Dino Bravo Commemorative T-Shirts for sale, and then terrorized the people manning the *Hasbro Toy* booth by grabbing fistfuls of wrestling figures, biting their heads off, and spitting them like bullets toward the *Dunk Doink Tank*, only instead of trying to hit the target that would dunk Doink, he spit the heads of the *Hasbro* dolls at little Dink the midget character, screaming, "Wrestling is fake! Wrestling is fake! That ain't the real Doink in the Tank! It's Mark Madden in disguise! It's Mark Madden in...!"

I could go on.

But I won't.

Suddenly, I am feeling weary and unclean, like I need to go sit in a bath filled with the contents from a hundred bottles of Massingils.

Repeat, next year, do not send Jubie ("Hey! Let's Visit the *Saliva on Your Face-Painting Booth* and Lick the Bushwackers!") Jay Mullins to the pre-Wrestlemania Eleven "Fan Fest!" Not only will I not admit him, more than likely, I will shoot him dead at the door! Respectfully,

Linda McMahon, President
Titan Sports Entertainment

NEW GIMMICK FOR GRITTY MAT WARRIOR

Instead of spitting fire, which was his old act (before his mouth accidentally exploded), Ricky "Sixty-Three Lips" Steamboat

unveiled his new ring entrance.

If it is not as spectacular as spitting fire--then at least it is as inspired, as he runs down the ramp toward the ring holding to his lips (and playing!) 76 trombones!!!

Actually, Steamboat really only carries and plays 63 trombones, but, well, hey, this is pro wrestling, not brain surgery, and anyway, when were marks known to count such things (like Royal Rumble minutes, or actual seconds left in a time-limit match, or trombones, eh?) Like, isn't counting stuff like that what Dave Meltzer is for? SEGA!!!

A DOUBLE MYSTERY: DAVE'S ARM & THE BIG STEROIDS STORY (Or are we getting all the poop?)

What was that song?
Where the month of March comes in like a lion, followed by April showers bringing spring flowers, and then along comes pretty little May?

Wonder if that's the version being sung by the Baron of Titan Towers, Vince McMahon, seeing as how the month of May has been touted as the month that will bring trial (and tribulations related to steroids use and abuse in the WWF) to the house that McMahon built?

Now, that WMX is history, and with the month of March going out like a lamb (To the slaughter? No wonder there is silence of the lambs?), May is not far off, when, pending any surprise, out-of-court settlement, which will not surprise anyone from sushiland, Vince may have to pull off a feat of magic far more tricky than a coin toss if he is to avoid becoming a guest in a Federal prison.

Which makes me wonder.
Other than writing a lot

about it over the past few years, just exactly what, if any role (other than writing about it in his weekly newsletter), did Dave Meltzer have in bringing McMahon vs. The USA this far?

Like I said, Dave wrote a lot about it, but then there is ample evidence that Dave Meltzer does not not always tell a full story, that he often leaves out certain details of a story which tend to raise more questions than the story itself answers.

Case in point? Sure.

A good, recent example of Dave telling a story, a little one, but one that really left a big question unanswered, hanging like a fart in still air, was his 3/21 "double issue" page #7 explanation of why he missed putting out a regular issue a week earlier.

"Because of an injury to my left arm," he said.

That was it.

Just the "Why" part of the question was all that was answered (by a professional journalist who graduated with a B.A. from San Jose State University which boasts one of the finest Journalism Departments in the nation and which offered Dave plenty of classes about how important it is to answer all the questions in a story, such as Who? What? When? Where? Why? and, of course, How?

Like...How did the arm become injured?

When exactly did it become injured?

Who injured it?

Where was it injured?

Did Dave injure it himself while hanging and banging at Gold's?

Does the arm injury have anything to do with his appendicitis attack and subsequent treatment with I.V. needles, and all, while Dave was in the hospital?

Or did the arm become injured when "Doctor Death" Steve Williams (pissed about a comment Dave made in the Observer or to someone else) took Dave's left arm and demonstrated to Dave exactly how he feels about sheet

editors who have never taken a bump?

Dave mentioned that ever since he'd been hospitalized in December (for the first leg of his appendix problem), that it had been "somewhat painful" for him to type. He doesn't exactly come right out and say something "happened" to his arm while at the hospital, even though that is what is vaguely conveyed.

But why be vague about it? Unless, of course, a hospital snafu is exactly what happened and Dave's suing the hospital and his attorney has told him not to be specific for some reason, or, indeed, ol' Doc Williams performed a little locker room "surgery" for which he has come to be well known over the years in earning the "toughest man" title.

(Even Wade Keller was vague about it, when he mentioned it in the 3/12 issue of the *Torch*. And Georgiann Markopoulos, who was the first to mention anything about Dave being hospitalized in December, only mentioned that Dave had a "bad hand" in her March *Wrestling Chatterbox*.)

Well, not to dwell on Dave's arm (I mean, if he wants to keep it a secret, or if he is just uncomfortable about getting sympathy, or if he simply wants to spare those of us whose meager lives hang in the balance upon his every word, I guess it's his business and I join all of you, I'm sure, in wishing him well and hoping he will recover fully and in excellent health from his abdominal surgery on 3/28.)

Which brings us back to the original question, what, if anything, did Dave Meltzer directly have to do with bringing McMahon to court, or to his knees in an effort at plea bargaining his way out of the steroids abuse mess?

In other words, for a man who knows more about the inside workings of pro wrestling, more than any other non-worker, non-promoter or other non-insider in the country, and for a man whose phone bill rivals that of some

Fortune 500-sized corporations due to all the conversations he has daily about this and that (as well as about steroids and who's using them, selling them, distributing them, etc.) isn't it odd that the U.S. government has conducted a major, many months long investigation into the matter, and Dave, who has written at least a million words about steroids and the steroids investigation hasn't mentioned his own likely involvement (as in "key witness," or as in "expert testimony") in the case?

Now, that I think about it, the story about Dave's arm and Doctor Death (whose massive physique did not exactly get that way by swallowing milk, vitamins, and ICO-PRO alone) sounds more plausible, especially if Doc has this thing about sheet editors who've never taken a bump and who hang and bang with the FBI!

Of course, I could be all wet on this one, and when it's all said and done, and when it all comes out in the wash, Dave could have hurt his arm by simply reading *Penthouse*. And Doc Death isn't pissed at anybody over any little steroids matter. And the FBI never even contacted the world's number one authority on pro wrestling, or if they did, Dave kayfaded 'em (even after they tied him to a metal folding chair and beat his arm with a rubber hose!) And, maybe, just maybe, milk really does do a body good!

[Editor's Note: I'm sorry, but was the above simply a f--king outstanding piece of speculative journalism that somebody with hair on his balls just had to write? Or (as my buddy Brian "The Bitchmeister" Tramel, of Steele, MO, would put it), was it just one more example of Jeff Mullins bashing poor ol' Dave Meltzer?]

Special thanks to Sushi-gangster Matt Creamer, from Oshkosh, WI, for inspiring much of the nonsense above.

TORCH COLUMNIST

(She's licenced to kill!)

Anchorage, Alaska --
According to the Alaskan Fish & Game Department, Pro Wrestling Torch columnist Carlie Gill has become the first female in the state's history to be awarded a "Trophy" Sports Whaling license.

In order to become licensed to hunt and kill whales in the Gulf of Alaska (or anywhere else in the U.S.), Gill, a college student in Anchorage and a staff member of Wade Keller's weekly chronicle of pro grappling since December 1992, had to demonstrate her ability to throw a harpoon at a moving target (with accuracy) for a distance of 30-yards.

According to Yukon Eric, an official with the Alaskan F&G Dept., "Ms. Gill was standing in the back of a moving Ford pick-up truck when she successfully spotted and harpooned a small blue Volkswagon Beetle that was recklessly speeding from a parking lot."

In Alaska, illegal speeders may face stiff fines or the possibility that they can be "legally" harpooned by Trophy Sports Whaling license seekers. ("You don't think we'd allow unlicensed whalers to qualify for sports licenses by using real whales as targets, do you?" Eric said.)

Asked what particular breed of whale she intends to harpoon (and mount on the wall of her living room), Ms. Gill (who currently is involved in an editorial feud with one of the other Torch columnists) would only say she has her eye on a large white whale that has been terrorizing the East Coast

6. and is nick-named "Moby" Mark Madden!

PETTENGILL BRINGS REAL MANIC TO 'MANIA'

Todd Pettengill, who may be older than he looks, starred in a feature length movie, part of which I watched before I fell asleep one night, and, for the life of me, I can't remember the name of it, because I was channel skipping and the remote landed on the flick somewhere after it had already begun.

The plot was pretty dumb, something about a lot of horny, off-beat characters in polyester sports coats and slacks spending all their time and money at a strip bar, falling in love with this one babe who was trying to get rich by playing everyone for all their money.

Pettengill's character was blindly in love and spending money like an army of hardcore grap fans at a get-together in Florida where, after the big match, they stream like fish to joints like Mons Venus to further lose their minds, toss their bucks, drink like crazy, and raise their testosterone to dangerous levels.

Anyway, Pettengill had all the "good" lines, was actually pretty funny and endearing, and it wasn't long before I realized he was essentially doing the same act on WWF MANIA that he did in the movie that, as a guess, was made in the early 80's.

If any knows the title, date it was made, and other bits of info this brainless flick, let me know.

As for Pettengill's MANIA gig, his skits with studio "gofer" George, his facials and body language, his interviews with Macho Man (with whom he really "clicks" in a chemistry sort of way that puts the humorous side of Savage over in a big way), his ability to create an entire world of zaniness within the context of a sterile television studio environment (or outside in a

parking lot in the snow), his major role in hyping WMX, his hilarious behavior at "Fan Fest," and his "feud" with Stan Lane (who, in my opinion, is also warming nicely to his non-in-ring role) is, like I said several months ago, one of the bright spots on the American grap scene.

With Heenan and Okerlund gone, workers like Lane, Johnny Polo, and Pettengill just seem to rise to the occasion and blossom.

BRITISH BULLDOG VS DYNAMITE KID 'FEUD' FINALLY EXPLAINED. . .

London, England --
Over the years, Sushi News Service (SNS) has been a leader in boldly reporting grap related stories which the Wrestling Observer Newsletter, Pro Wrestling Torch, and Mike Tenay's nationally syndicated Wrestling Insiders radio-talk show have been much too timid to touch.

The following item, disgusting and sordid as it may sound, is just such a story. Somebody, though, has got to report it. Somebody has got to step forth with the courage to fully peel back the layers of deceit and kayfabe and expose pro wrestling's real underbelly even if the belly-button lint that is exposed reveals a stench of truth far, far worse than the peutrid, garbage dump breath of, say, WWF's anchovy and garlic-pizza-eating superstar Bastian Booger.

Alas, as only "half" reported (and totally unexplained) in the 2/21 Observer's "Here and There" section (that there exists some "severe" heat between former tag-team partners "British Bulldog"

Davey Boy Smith and "British Bulldog" Dynamite Kid), SNS has learned that the muscular pair of "Bulldogs" are in the midst of a bitter territorial dispute, and that recently they actually confronted each other on the lawn outside Buckingham Palace where they circled each other, growled, snapped, snarled, and then lifted their legs and pee'd on one another's gym bags as stunned tourists and Palace Guards looked on.

To make matters worse, a few other independent wrestlers (Junk Yard Dog, Moon Dog Spot, Dog of War, Mad Dog Vachon, Moon Dog Moretti, and the Egg Suck'n Dawg that Dusty Rhodes is always talking about) were in the area sniffing about when, suddenly, every one of them was lifting a leg, marking territory, and fighting like a bunch of pit bulls until they all got distracted by one of those large, red, double-decker buses which made them forget why they were fighting as they chased it down the street and out of sight before the cops came.

Actually, Davey Boy Smith and JYD blew-up half-way down the street and were apprehended, but only for a moment, as JYD started howling, rolling his eyes, barking, and doing his 1983 Observer "Move of the Year" Headbutt, which caused the unarmed "bobbies" to back off and disappear in sheer disbelief, which is something most wrestling fans began doing in the early 1990's whenever JYD used that move in what the British have been calling the "Colonies" for the past 500 years.

Word has it a "rematch"

between the two "Bulldogs" has been set up by London promoters "Crybaby" Max Crabtree and "Super" Dave Wright, when Davey Boy Smith and Dynamite Kid meet in an "Anything Goes-Bring Your Own Fire Hydrant-No Stopping for Kibbles'n'Bits & Exploding Bone on a Frisbee" match.

WOULD YOU LEND JIMMY "JAM" GARVIN YOUR JOCK-STRAP?

The following is not intended to be a match report nor is it meant to be an "in-depth" review of WCW's 2/20 SUPERBRAWL pay per view from Albany, GA. But when I was watching the show, with it's--Oh, heart be still!!!!--"Double Thunder Cage" matches, there were some things that flowed unconsciously through my mind, a mind that once was so young and so full of youthful surprise and zest, but which now has become jaded by today's brand of American pro wrestling, ergo, a mind warped beyond any and all hope.

If, as you read the following, you find yourself nodding your head in agreement as you too recall special moments from SUPERBRAWL, alas, you too must count yourself among the many of us poor, mat-dust-snorting fools, whose brains have been pickled by too many years of tuning in to the "next one," the "next" show, the "next" big event, the "next" major PPV in hopes of recapturing an era, a day, a moment when American graps was exciting, wild, and c-r-a-z-y beyond belief, during a time before we began looking into the mirror of our spit 'n' catch it souls, asking ourselves, "Is this all there is?"

Exposing the Bidness

Ric Flair should never (I repeat) never be seen on television running up and down stairs inside a sports arena. Never!

Also, Ric Flair should never

be seen running anywhere dressed in boxer-styled shorts!

When Ric Flair is dressed in shorts and he is shown hauling his no-longer-thirty-six year old ass up and down arena steps, he reminds me of when I was a teenager, late at night, when I'd sneak into the kitchen to raid the refrigerator and I'd hear this noise and look over my shoulder and spot my old man dressed in nothing but a tee-shirt and a pair of boxer shorts trotting down the hall to take a midnight leak. It was not a pretty sight then, when my knobby-kneed old man was jogging down the hall in his boxers, and it is not a pretty sight now, watching Ric Flair do so in his.

Watching Vader bounce off ring ropes during a pre-match workout is cool. Awesome. A bit frightening. But...

Watching Ric Flair bounding up stairways like the locomotive who thought he could, is uncool. Flair might be in terrific shape for a 45-year-old airplane crash-victim-survivor-grappler, but showing him doing something that taller, younger men do with relative ease or powerful grace, only makes Ric look ancient.

Also, before the "biggest match of his career," Ric Flair sitting around in a long-sleeved dress shirt and slacks and a tie and black socks and black shoes (like an old fart waiting to be served a bowl of stewed prunes), or Ric Flair talking to his old chums before the biggest match of his life might work once, like it did with him and Mean Gene Okerlund in the limo during the previous Vader-Flair confrontation, but seeing something like it again, so soon, seems uncreative and redundant and does not exactly help me suspend the amount of belief I'm being asked to suspend in order to believe that a 235 pound Flair actually has a prayer of a chance against a 300+ pound sliva-spitting leather head-gear-wearing Harley Race-managed Monster-Truck-Pulling Machine like Vader.

Johnny is Badd

Why does Johnny B. Badd's ring entrance with the confetti-

blaster and his sequined and feathery plumed costume-robe remind me of the decorated float that won last place during the annual Rose Bowl parade? Who in the audience cheers for him, anyway? Old ladies? Little kids? So much for the once and future hope of mankind, eh?

'May I borrow your...?'

When "Smiling" Nick Bockwinkle told the formerly (fabulous?) Freebird Jimmy "Jam" Garvin he'd have to wrestle in place of the "injured" Michael "P.S." Hayes, and when Jimmy said he'd have to borrow someone's wrestling gear, I wondered. Who in his right mind would loan Garvin their jock strap?

Remember in high school, when a close buddy or some upper classman wanted to borrow your comb? Their was something distinctly un-hygenic about lending someone your personal grooming tool, but, well, buds are buds, and upper classmen can be brutal to freshmen. So, you handed it over and were lucky if you got it back without it being coated with a thick layer of Brillcream or Mousse and dandruff.

I dunno. But I think if I had to loan my jock-strap to Jimmy Garvin (Why do you think they call him "Jam?"), I wouldn't exactly hound him to return it.

Heenan Sweats Early

Notice how Bobby Heenan starts sweating from the brow and upper lip earlier now than he did when he was working with Vince.

Usually, during a major show, The Brain would not start oozing salt-water from his pores until the later matches. But now, since he joined the WCW stable of voices, he's sweating like a pig on a spit before the first match is over.

This is not a good sign sports E-fans.

It's an omen.

It's like Heenan knows most of the show (for which we've just paid \$24.95) is going to suck (like Rush Limbaugh getting up from a chair). Either that, or Heenan ate bad fish and his stomach is churning like a cement mixer and he wants to

hurl like one of those machines that eats trees and spews chunk.

During the Harlem Heat vs. Thunder-Lightening match Heenen did his best to put the match over, but he sounded like he was on auto-pilot, so disinterested, like someone had given him the Declaration of Independence to read. Not a bad document, actually, but not exactly believable when read by someone who doesn't believe in what he is saying. Credit to Cain and Cole of Heat, however. They carried those Two Green White Boys on "ICOPRO" to a fairly decent match.

Doug Dillinger's Joke

Do you remember all the "heavy security" in the hallway between Flair's dressing room and Vader's dressing room?

The way they teased the possibility that Vader might make a run for Flair's dressing room and start the match ahead of time? Do you remember all of those smiling, laughing, lard-bellied, old black and white farts in uniform (Albany's "finest?") guarding the hallway, protecting Ric Flair?

Neat way to build up the fearsome and mighty images of your number one face and heel.

The face needs a squad of cops to keep the heel away, and the heel is so tough that a squad of old farts (who if they all rolled a bowling ball down an alley it would take a year before it spun twice!) were all that was needed to keep Vader at bay. Those cops with their guns and clubs drawn couldn't have kept a one-armed fetus from breaking into a box of graham crackers.

Suspension of disbelief? Hey, Bischoff, give my sofa-fabric welted ass a break!

Snooka-Loooka-Like

The only reason I did not fall asleep during the Jungle Jimmy "Snuka Look-Alike" Steel vs Equalizer match was because I kept waiting for Kevin Sullivan to run in and kill someone. This match was like a sleeper hold: they put it on me and a few seconds later I felt like taking a siesta. (Did I just "think" of that, or did Heenan "say" it?)

Pain in the Ass-Winkle

Was it really fair for Nick

("How to go from a Living Legend to a Bafoon-Like Pain in the Ass Overnight") Bockwinkle to force Jimmy Garvin to wrestle Johnny B. Badd?

Do bears in the woods crap into airplane propellers?

Is Jim "M.L. Curly" Thompson, who writes the wrestling column in THE DETROIT NEWS the real prophet when he hints that JURASSIC PARK II will premier on June 16, 1996?

Has Dave Meltzer ever completed a sentence without a reference to pro wrestling in it?

Do you ever watch re-runs of the "Wonder Years" and when Jason Hervey comes on and he gives that noggin' noogie to his little bro' Kevin, do you ever find yourself doing your own "wondering" about what charms Missy Hyatt bestowed on the Hervester when they were dating?

"Jason!!!"

"Yes, Missy."

"Come here!!!"

"Yes, Missy."

"Raise your arms!!!"

"---Arghhhh!"

"Shut-up!!!"

"---What...what's this hold called, Missy?"

"Belly to belly suplex, you little fool!"

"Ooooooh, Missy, will it hurt?"

"I'll show you 'hurt!'"

"Eeeeyyyyyiiiiiii!--" Wham!

SEGA!!!

Am I the only one who finds it interesting when Diamond Dallas Page does his "Original Sheik Eyes" that no one in the live audience seems to get it? Was DDP's matching-ending punch on Terry Taylor really that great?

Maximum Pain!

When Maxx Payne jammed Jerry Nobbs (or was it Jerry Saggs?) head into the mat and up his chest cavity (the hardway) didn't it make you do a double wince? I'm surprised that the shoulder was not the only body part that was displaced.

What does a wrestler say to another wrestler when he has just (legit) broken a part of his body and has put the guy out of work

8. and out of money for a while or a lifetime? "Whoops (there it is?)." Or...

"I'm sorry, man." Or...

"Jeez, I'm really sorry, man." Or...

"Oh, man, on my mother's grave, I'm so f--ing sorry!" Or...

"Gwad, I wish it would have happened to me, rather than you." Or...

"(Sob-sob) Go ahead, hit me. Potato me for what I've done to you! Make me bleed the hardway!" Or...

"Seeing as how you won't be needing 'em for a while, can I borrow those new boots you won't be wearing for awhile?"

Yeah. Watching American pro wrestling lately, with but a few exceptions, can affect a guy's mental status. Add a pint of Ben & Jerry's ice cream to the mix and we're talking a mind in need of some serious psychotherapy. (Thank God, Kevin Sullivan is returning in the nick of time to bring some sanity to the squared-circle scene!)

Well. I'll stop here. Like I said, this wasn't meant to be a review of SUPERBRAWL. Just a few things rumbling through the whacked out mind of an American wrestling fan.

EYE-WITNESS SAYS... 'HE SPLASHED HIS OWN FACE!'

YUCCA FLATS, NM--
Sushi News Service (SNS)
has learned that pro wrestler Cactus Jack has now broken every bone in his body.

According to eye-witnesses, Jack was wrestling a simple squash match during a WCW television taping last week when suddenly he got that far-away look in his eyes, removed the blue pads from the cement ring area, climbed to the top turn-buckle, and (from 12-feet up) proceeded to splash himself onto the concrete floor... face first!

The move caught everyone by surprise,

especially since Jack's opponent was still inside the ring (not on the floor) and also because Jack did nothing to break the fall, like first hitting the floor with his arms or hands, or turning his body slightly at the last instant in order to take the brunt of the fall against his side or hip.

"Cactus Jack splashed his own face!" cried one horrified member of the audience. "When he leaped from the top of the ring post, he was traveling at the speed of sound! When his body hit, it sounded like a big watermelon that had just been dropped from a ten-story building!"

"Lookie what I got in my han', Meester," shouted another WCW fan. "It's one of Cactus Jack's eyeballs! Wanna touch it? Wanna trade it for a Mickey Mantle rookie card?"

WISE, VIRGINIA STUDENTS PLAN SMOKY MT. 'FEST'

Why am I not surprised to hear from a reader in Wise, VA ("Birthplace of the Red Neck's failed attempt to revive Dixie-the-way-it-was-meant-to-be!") that a group of college kids who were there the night Jim Cornette and Company reportedly tried to turn back the clock on racism, have come up with an idea to hold an annual community event to recognize the incident and celebrate the town's effort in sticking together that infamous night?

According to event planners, the event will be called "Smoky Mountain Deliverance Days," and members of the community will be invited to operate food and game booths. Special activities will be held, such as a "Carve Jim Cornette's Honky White Face on a Watermelon" contest, construction (using 10,000 old wooden tennis racquets) of a giant cross

bearing the likeness of Jim Cornette's body which will be burned on some lucky contestants lawn, a dunk tank that will be filled with hot tar, and the purchase of a large hog that will be named Jim Cornette, dunked into the tank, covered with chicken feathers, and run out of town!

And who said the youth of America have got their priorities all mixed up?

SURGEON SAYS. . .

'Cactus Jack will be confined to a wheelchair for life (or worse!)

According to famed wrestling surgeon Dr. Bud "Budweiser" Waterman of the Stanford Medical Center in Palo Alto, California, "The sad thing is, because of all his prior injuries, none of Cactus Jack's bones are going to heal from the nose dive he took last week, and, well, for the rest of his life, Cactus Jack is going to be confined to a wheel chair, or someone is going to have to carry what's left of him around in a large gym bag, because, at this point, his bones and cartilage and entire skeletal structure is nothing more than a stringy blob of. . . Jello!"

"---Hey, Meester!

Look! Look-it's! It's Cactus Jack! He's laying over there in the corner an' he's sticking his head outta that gym bag an' he's biting his tongue bloody an' he's looking at us! Why, he looks like a funny bag o' shit with hair, don't he? His arms cain't move. His legs are filled with J-E-Double-L-O puddin'. Hey, I got an ideer. Let's git us some sticks an' go over there an' poke 'em in the face 'til he screams!"

Next time you watch two wrestlers doing an interview, like Randy Savage and Razor Ramon, watch the guy who is

not talking at that moment and usually you will catch his lips moving, as he lip-syncs the cue card being read by the wrestler who is actually doing the talking. (Hey, it's something to do during a boring interview if your plate is still filled with cold left-over pizza and you've still got beer in the bottle and you don't need to make a run to the fridge!

'UNBELIEVABLE' COMEBACK

(For Cactus Jack!)

Former pro wrestler Cactus Jack, whose final big bump broke every bone in his body (and who has been living in a canvas gym bag so that the rest of his body parts won't spill into the street like melted globs of Jello), made a comeback, of sorts, during a brutal match this week featuring Sabu vs. Terry Funk at promoter John Arezzi's latest fan convention.

According to Arezzi, "We were holding a benefit match for Cactus Jack, who was sitting inside his gym bag in the middle of the time-keeper's 4'x8' wooden table located at ringside where--you know, how Jack sticks his head out of the bag from time to time--he was watching the show, when suddenly Sabu did one of his crazy moonsaults over the top rope right onto the damn table.

"Yes, you guessed it," continued Arezzi. "Sabu landed with full force on top of the bag containing Cactus Jack, whose body, or what is left of it, simply imploded."

"It was awful," continued Arezzi. "Especially when Terry Funk rushed over to the busted table, grabbed the Bag o' Jack, zipped it shut, and started potatoing Sabu and everyone else with in reach with it!"

9. "And if that wasn't bad enough," confirmed Arezzi, "what really turned things into a disgusting nightmare of horror, was when Funk tossed the bag into the center of the ring and the bag began wiggling and jerking and rolling around like a Mexican Jumping Bean and all the while there were these evil looking liquids and Gwad-awful blood-curdling screams and howls coming from inside it!"

A THOUSAND FANS SHOW-UP

(For Cactus Jack 'Fund-Raiser' sponsored by John Arezzi!)

According to radio talk-show host and wrestling-convention promoter John Arezzi, more than 1,000 fans showed up at his convention a few days ago, but, unfortunately, no money was raised for Cactus "The Human Glop of Jello-in-a-Gym Bag" Jack, because, according to the event's promoter, expenses were sky high.

"Hey," said Arezzi. "The table that Sabu broke alone cost almost \$3,000! And the hotel charged us \$1,500 to clean and vacuum-up all the bits and pieces of Jack that flew out of that gym bag he lives in when Terry Funk was bashing Sabu and everyone else with it!"

Arezzi confided he will be selling a video tape of the convention and match called "Disgusting Nightmare of Horror" for \$24.95 and that the first 300 buyers will receive small plastic souvenir bags containing actual bits and pieces of Cactus Jack.

Arezzi also said anyone who orders the tape, and mentions the name "Carlos Rey," and still has subscriptions remaining

from his now defunct *Wrestling Spotlight* newsletter, will receive two plastic souvenir Bags o' Jack and a discount coupon worth half-off the admission price to his next fan convention which he plans to call "Cactus Jack's Pinata Party & Benefit Show!"

Arezzi would not say at this time "who" or exactly "what" will be hung by a rope from the rafters as convention goers line up to swing at "it" with metal baseball bats and wooden canes (although you might want to take a wild guess!).

WCW CREATES 'UNUSUAL ROLE'

(For Cactus Jack!)

WCW's Vice President in charge of fucking up and day-dreaming beyond belief Eric Bischoff said today that WCW wrestlers will no longer use metal folding chairs when striking each other and, instead, they will use the gym bag containing--He takes a licking but keeps on ticking! --the broken and battered body of Cactus Jack.

According to Bischoff, Jack still has a few months left on his contract, and, "Well, he wants to stay close to wrestling, and who am I to argue with that kind of grit, determination, and love for the sport?"

When ask if there have been any problems with Jack, Bischoff confessed, "The only serious problem came when Jerry 'The King Lawler' visited the WCW locker room yesterday and a few of the boys thought the gym bag containing Jack belonged to Lawyer and when Lawler turned his back, well, the boys sort of loaded up the bag, if you know what I mean.

"Jack was pissed about

it and he wanted to complain to Bob Duey, but, hey, any guy who lives in a gym bag and has only goo for bones ain't actually gonna be able to physically climb over my head to bitch to the main man, if you dig what I mean."

BRET WINS BELT AT SLUGGISH WRESTLEMANIA X

(Classic event will be remembered more for the 'work rate' of an eight-foot tall aluminum ladder than for any other factor during the entire card)

Wigs worn by two wrestlers (Doink and Dink) and by four non-wrestling celebrities (Bert Reynolds, Rhonda Sheer, Sy Sperling, and Howard "James Bond" Finkel), Owen Hart whupping his big brudder Bret clean in the middle in a match that was solid but clearly teased more to come, an aging 1950's rock star (Little Richard) who may have been wearing a wig, too, but who could not manage to successfully lip-sync a song that sounded more like it was recorded by Michael Jackson or Aretha Franklin, the return of a hefty-looking "Mr. Perfect" Kurt Hennig as a heel ref who, dressed in duds borrowed from Mable of Men on a Mission, "gave" the first championship match of the night to Yokozuna thereby proving wrong forecasts that Lex Luger would win the belt, the non resurrection-appearance of The Undertaker in any way, shape, or form, only a few fans in the crowd yelling "Taco Bell!" instead of "Burger King" when Jerry "The King" Lawler returned for a night of inspired color commentary (as compared to a relatively loud but, none-the-less, flat Vince McMahon who is in the throes of seeing his own Camelot shrinking before his very eyes), Bret Hart wearing a pair of tights which, from the back, looked like his hemorrhoids had exploded, Razor Ramon pulling down Shawn Michaels's tights

exposing more cheek in three seconds than Luna Vachon exposed in rear-view camera close-ups during her entire match, Alundra "Madusa" Blayze exposing what ICO-PRO can do for the size of your biceps and "pecs," Randy Savage proving he'd flunked knot-tying in Boy Scouts by not being able to permanently tie Crush upside down to a meat hook, and Roddy Piper returning as mystery guest (face) referee #2, with a great pop, blondish hair, confident

10.

Piper grin, a lean, mean, ICO-PRO-less body-look, and a wiggle of the ring ropes at just the right moment to cause Yokozuna to blow his finishing move which Bret Hart turned into the ultimate victory.

These were the highlights of WMX, with the only **** match of the night involving Razor Ramon, Shawn Michaels, and an amazing metal ladder which (primarily due to Michaels) had more death-defying moves and took more dangerous bumps than

Rey Mysterio Jr. executes during a AAA-IWC show.

[Hey, Sushigangsters! Thanks for tuning in! Best wishes to Dave. Justice for Vince. And let's hope when the (real) President of the U.S. moves to diminish violence on TV, he means cartoon shows like the "Mighty Morphin Power Rangers" and not cartoon shows like "Superstars," "RAW," or "Saturday Night!" See you all by or before July 4. -- Jeff Mullins, editor]

